

The Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 23, 1823.

WHOLE No. 108.

Vol. II.—No. 34.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, north side, four doors below Second street, at \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year.



FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the moon's beam display'd on the
transient the glittering ray,
as the Phantoms in midnight dream,
in splendid illusions stray;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DELIVERANCE.

In Original Tale—concluded.

XXV.
Still nearer now they gently glide,
press'd toward the flowing tide,
in strains of music creep,
around that bark so far and lone,
to hush them with its silver tone.

XXVI.

Can'te's anticipations beam,
in strains of music creep,
around that bark so far and lone,
to hush them with its silver tone.

XXVII.

On the moon's beam display'd on the
transient the glittering ray,
as the Phantoms in midnight dream,
in splendid illusions stray;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;

XXVIII.

On the moon's beam display'd on the
transient the glittering ray,
as the Phantoms in midnight dream,
in splendid illusions stray;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;

XXIX.

On the moon's beam display'd on the
transient the glittering ray,
as the Phantoms in midnight dream,
in splendid illusions stray;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;

XXX.

On the moon's beam display'd on the
transient the glittering ray,
as the Phantoms in midnight dream,
in splendid illusions stray;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;

XXXI.

On the moon's beam display'd on the
transient the glittering ray,
as the Phantoms in midnight dream,
in splendid illusions stray;
in the light of her form throws the bright beam,
and lights the dim soul of despair;

Oh then, and thus the vow was given
In memory of that seeming trance,
To consecrate their lives to Heaven,
That wrought their great DELIVERANCE.
HAMLET.

Errata.—Stanza 1, line 5, for "distant" read
paleful—III, line 4, for "happy" read happy—IX,
line 2, for "flowings" read wrongs, line 9, for
"where" read whose—XI, line 4, for "of" read
for—XIV, line 4, for "where" read whence.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"They have hewn out to themselves cisterns—
broken cisterns, that will hold no water." This was
one of the charges of degeneracy exhibited against
the ancient Israelitish church, by the prophet Isai-
ah. It will equally apply to any other age, nation,
people or individuals whose devices are projected
in the folly of the alienated mind, in order to ob-
tain that good, which the rational soul is hunger-
ing after. Every thing of a temporal nature per-
ishes with using, and leaves a blank to be filled
up, which nothing can supply but that which is
of a spiritual nature. He that finds spiritual good,
finds something that don't cloy his appetite with
the using—the more he feels of it, the more he
enjoys it. It is life eternal not transitory. The
soul subsists on without being weary. On its vir-
tue, it wings its way to the ethereal mansions
when disrobed of its mortal habiliments. L.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE GOOD OLD JOSEPH WHITE, OF BUCKS

county, whose character exhibited a striking
example of practical christianity, and
who, as a minister of the gospel, had often
furnished incontestible evidence of inspira-
tion, when near the close of his days ut-
tered these expressions.

"I have for some time believed, and lived
in the hopes thereof, and am now in a
measure confirmed, of more glorious things
yet to be revealed to the church of Christ,
and that further and greater discoveries
will yet be made, with respect to the Chris-
tian Religion than ever yet has been since
the apostacy." See Churchman's Journal,
Crookshanks' edition, page 254.

Now if Joseph White, one of the most
eminent ministers and a christian of deep
experience, had such a belief that more
glorious things were to be revealed than
had then been made known, it becomes us
to consider with attention what may be pre-
sented in the dispensations of the present
day. When a man venerable for his years,
and who for the greatest part of a century,
has maintained the dignity and uprightness
of a christian, shall represent his views of
religion unshaken by outward cere-
monies—disencumbered from carnal and ma-
terial ideas, in order to lead us into more
spirituality in our religious devotions,
ought we not to be careful how we con-
demn? Joseph White says "greater discov-
eries will yet be made"—but while we
adhere rigidly and pertinaciously to the
precise point at which the fathers of the
church have left us, are we promoting as
we ought to, that reformation which they
were concerned to advance?

I believe that righteousness will increase;
but it will be by the faithfulness of each in-
dividual to the divine illumination in him-
self. Not by endeavouring to imitate other
people—nor by setting up Creeds or Con-
fessions of Faith, but by simple attention to
the unfoldings of the light of the gospel,
unshackled by the plottings and contrivances
of those who are hostile to the advance-
ment of the church.

When Ralph Sandiford and Benjamin
Lay published their earnest expostulations
against the slavery of the negroes, their
doctrines were considered new, and many
a high professor was indignant at the en-
croachment which these reformers were
making upon a practice which custom and
selfishness had introduced, though entirely
inconsistent with the christian character.

It is wisdom in us to learn profitable
lessons from the occurrences that are past:
the errors of our ancestors should teach us
to be more diligent in our devotion and
more earnest in our enquiries after truth.

LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a man attends to the illumination of
divine light upon his understanding, with-
out being biased aside by example or cus-
tom, however they may have been tolerated
in religious characters, he is in a fair way
of coming to the knowledge of truth and of
becoming a light to those who may be less
attentive. Such have been the reformers
in all ages—they have not implicitly fol-
lowed the customs of the times—they have
not suffered themselves to be duped by
priestcraft to acknowledge irrational sys-
tems, designedly imputed to subjugate the
mind of man and bind him down to error.
Had the systems of religion that were pre-
sented to Martin Luther or George Fox,

been satisfactory to their enquiring minds,
they would never have looked further: But
being attentive to the divine illumination,
Luther soon discovered the inconsistency
of indulgences, and other gross errors that
were incorporated with the Romish reli-
gion! George Fox was educated under
a more tolerable system, but observing very
little even among the high professors
of the reality of the Christian system, he was
led out from the formalities and customs
of the times into an experimental and sav-
ing knowledge of truth in the heart. Hav-
ing done the work assigned to him in his
day, he closed in peace, triumphing in
death, declaring that the seed reigned over
all disorderly spirits and over death itself.

Many of his co-adjutors in reformation
could adopt a similar declaration: Yet it
appears that although they did the work of
their day, and the fetters with which man-
kind had long been bound down to systems
of human invention were much broken, it
continued to be necessary for every man
to be attentive to the same illuminating
principle to which they were attentive.—
Hence Benezet and Woolman found work
to do which George Fox appears to have
had little concern about, and hence every
one will find work to do in promoting re-
formation; according to the gift received,
and his attention to that gift, he will not be
tied down to old customs, nor old systems,
any further than they are sanctioned by
the revelation of truth, independent of the
testimonies or traditions of the church.

LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"It is very questionable whether much
service is done to religion by undervaluing
the faculty of reason. Man, the only
inhabitant of the globe who is capable of
religion is also the only one possessed of
reason; and indeed it is the possession of
the latter which renders him a proper sub-
ject of the former. Without reason, man
would not be accountable for any of his ac-
tions. It appears therefore evident that
religion is inseparable from reason."

These expressions are quoted from a
small work published by the tract associa-
tion of Friends in Philadelphia about three
years ago. Some benefit may result from
the revival of them at the present time.—
Memory is worth a great deal to us, and it
is often good to make use of it in times of
difficulty by calling up what occurred in
more tranquil seasons, when the mind was
less likely to be warped aside its centre.

L.

AFFECTING TALE.

The following statement is extracted from the
Nashville Gazette, not as a tale originated in a
poetical fancy, and embellished by the touches
of a wild wanton intellect, but as a relation of in-
cidents which have actually occurred, and which,
therefore, possess a more powerful claim on our
attention and our sympathy. The Gazette states,
that the names are known, but from a wish to pre-
vent any painful reflections to some that perhaps
knew the parties, they are concealed.

"Jane" was the only daughter of a man,
who, in the early part of his life, emigrated to
the United States from the north of Ireland. Ac-
customed to a life of industry, by application to
his business and suffering from poverty in his youth,
he regarded money as the only object worth a rea-
sonable man's attention. By his diligence, he had
amassed a considerable fortune, which it was
known in the country his daughter would inherit.
It is now more than forty years since I have seen
her. She was then in the bloom of youth—hope
and expectation gave to her a more interesting
appearance than I have ever yet witnessed—she
was about eighteen; possessing natural good
sense, and accomplishments that rendered her the
pride and admiration of her friends. Many were
the suitors for her hand—but she refused them
with such a grace and respect for their feelings
that they loved her the more. Among her ad-
mirers there was a young man, a native of Massa-
chusetts, respectable by his talents and genius.
He was a member of the bar, and, though young,
maintained a respectable standing among his
brethren. He was loved by all classes, for his
gentlemanlike and manly deportment, and nature
had given him a striking and interesting ap-
pearance. But as yet he was poor and owed to fortune
nothing. Chance threw him in the company of
Jane—an intimacy was formed, and he frequently
visited her father's house, where he received, not
only that attention and marked politeness which
he deserved by his standing in society, but also
experienced that open hearted cordiality which
marks the character of Irishmen.

"There is a secret attachment formed between
congenial minds of which even the persons them-
selves are not aware, and often they are surprised
at the hold they have got of each other's affec-
tions. This was the case with these two young
persons. It was not until these circumstances
took place that either of them ever suspected that
they loved each other.—Among the suitors for the
hand of Jane, was a man about 40 years of age, a
widower, who was devoid of every principle that
makes man noble, and whose riches were his only
support in society. It is but justice to remark,
that his private character was unknown to the fa-
ther of Jane. He solicited permission to wait on
Jane, and received it with hearty wishes, from the
father, for his success. He there met Mr. H. and
his sagacity soon discovered that, which, though
unknown to themselves, would prevent him from
obtaining the object of his wishes. Fearful of
meeting his rival openly, he took every occasion
of injuring the growing reputation of Mr. H. both

as a man and a lawyer, and he too well succeeded.
His influence in society was great, and people
could not disbelieve his insinuations—it was not
possible, said they, that ever the dark insinua-
tions of the rich Mr. T. could be without founda-
tion—no, there must be something in them.—As
it was to be expected, his little practice declined
every day, and the cold looks of the people, were
to his noble spirit worse than life. He determined
on leaving the country, and waited on Jane for the
purpose of taking leave of her, but unfortunately
for both, notwithstanding all his prudence and de-
terminations, he revealed his attachment, and they
parted with assurances of mutual love and fidelity.

"After the departure of Mr. H. the rich Mr. T.
pressed his suit, and from some expressions of
his, together with hints of his conduct to her lover,
she was induced to believe that the misfortune and
disappointment of both, might be attributed to his
conduct.—She refused him with contempt. He
waited on her father, exposed to him the state of
his property, and offered to settle a large estate
upon her, should the latter prevail upon Jane to
become the wife of the former. The father, daz-
zled with the offer, promised to use his influence,
and if that should not be sufficient, his authority.
He did both—but they were as yet useless. Mr.
T. finding all his schemes proved abortive, and
knowing well the cause of his failure, raised a re-
port that Mr. H. died with a fever at —, to
which place he had removed. This report was
carefully conveyed to the ears of Jane, and which
was further confirmed by the silence of her lover.
She believed it—and to pacify, or rather to gratify
her father, she became the wife of Mr. T.—From
that hour she never knew peace. In following im-
properly the opinions of her father, forgetting
what was due to herself, her future life became
wretched; and in performing what she conceived
to be a duty she owed her father, she neglected
that prior one, her own happiness.

"Some time after her marriage, H. returned from
where he had settled himself, and where he had
gained a degree of eminence worthy of him. He
came to claim her as his bride; but she was now
another's—not her heart, but her person. She
saw him once, and but a few minutes, when all was
explained. He loved Jane too well to demand ex-
planation with her despicable husband, well aware
what would be the consequences of such a pro-
ceeding.—He returned to his place of abode un-
happy. From that time Jane declined fast. A slow
consumptive grief seized fast hold on her—her
husband became a gambler, and lost his support
in society—and Jane died in giving birth to a son,
whom his grandfather took home. Too late he
found that it was not money that could have made
his daughter happy, and soon after he followed
her to the grave. The unfortunate child, ne-
glected by his father, and deprived by death of
his protector, was an outcast upon the world, un-
til Mr. H. took him home as his adopted child.
Years have now rolled away since then, and he
enjoys a comparative degree of peace; yet he
looks forward with anxiety to that state of ex-
istence when the troubles of this life are lost in
undisturbed felicity—where men can be happy
without having gold, and where the envenomed
tongue of detraction can never be heard."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

The Dog has long been regarded as excelling
every other species of the brute creation in its at-
tachment to man. For domestic uses, no animal
has been found more serviceable to the human
race, and its actions have so often bordered on
ratiocination, that many incidents which have been
related are deemed altogether incredible. Yet still
the reader may regard the following narra-
tion as an absolute fact, however much of improb-
ability there may appear in it to an unreflecting
mind.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley, Scot-
land, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of
attending his cattle on the mountains, a service
which he performed with the greatest vigilance.
The grazier having a young puppy given him by
a friend, brought it home to his house, and was
remarkably fond of it; but whenever the puppy
was caressed, the old sheep-dog would snarl and
appear greatly dissatisfied, and when at times it
came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evi-
dent, which at last made him leave the house, and
withstanding every search was made after him
by his master, he was never able to discover his
abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the
grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a
neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, re-
ceived his money, and was bent on returning
home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his
journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of
wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as
to cause him to look for a place of shelter; but
not being able to perceive any house at hand, he
struck out of the main road and ran towards a
wood that appeared at some distance, where he
escaped the storm by crouching under the trees;
it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper
way he had to go, until he had actually lost him-
self and knew not where he was. He travelled,
however, according to the best of his judgment,
though not without the fear of meeting danger
from the attack of robbers, whose depredations
had lately been the terror of the neighbouring
country.

A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced
him that he was near a house, to which he thought
it proper to go, in order that he might learn where
he was, and procure some refreshment; accord-
ingly he crossed a path, and came to the door,
knocked and demanded admission; the
landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an in-
vitation to enter and be seated, in a room that wore
but an indifferent aspect.—Our traveller was
hardly before the fire, when he was saluted, with
equal surprise and kindness by his former dog,
old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and de-
monstrating all the gladness he could express.
Archer immediately knew the animal, and was
astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so
many miles from home; he did not think proper
to inquire of his host at that time, how he came
into his possession, as the appearance of every
thing about him rendered his situation very un-
pleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather
still continuing rainy, and no opportunity present-
ed to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might
pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to
learn of the landlord where he was; who informed
him that he was 14 miles from Paisley, and
that, if he ventured out again before day light,
it was impossible for him to find his way, as the
night was so bad; but if he chose to remain
where he was, every thing should be done to ren-
der his situation comfortable. The grazier was
at a loss how to act; he did not like the house he
was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and
family—but to go out into the violence of the con-
flicting elements, might, in all probability, turn
out more fatal than to remain where he was. He
therefore resolved to wait till morning, let the
event be what it would. After a short conversa-
tion with the landlord, he was conducted to a
room, and left to take repose.

It is necessary to observe, that from the first
moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left

him a moment, had followed him into the cham-
ber, where he placed himself under the bed, un-
perceived by the landlord. The door being shut,
our traveller began to revolve in his mind the sin-
gular appearance of his old companion, his lonely
situation, and the manners of those about the
house; the whole of which tended to confirm his
suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncer-
tainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by
the approach of the dog, who came fawning from
under the bed, and by several extraordinary ges-
tures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a par-
ticular corner of the room, where he proceeded
and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of
horror; the floor was stained with blood which
seemed to flow out of a closet that was secured by
a lock which he endeavoured to explore, but could
not open it! No longer doubting his situation, but
considering himself as the next victim of the
wretches into whose society he had fallen, he re-
solved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and
either to perish in the attempt, or effect his deliv-
erance. With this determination, he pulled out
his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest
Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect
like the bristles of a boar bent on destruction; he
reached the bottom of the stairs with as much
caution as possible, and listened with attention for
a few minutes, when he heard a conversation that
was held by several persons whom he had not
seen when he first came into the house, which left
him no room to doubt of their intention. The vil-
laneous landlord was informing them in a low tone,
of the booty they would find in the possession of
his guest, and the moment they were to murder
him for the purpose!

Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately con-
cluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best
endeavours to save his life; he therefore without
hesitation, burst in among them, and fired a pistol
at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest
of the gang were struck with astonishment at so
sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the
door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, fol-
lowed by the dog. A musket was discharged af-
ter him, but with no effect. With all the speed
that danger could create, he ran until day-light
enabled him to perceive a house, and the main
road at no great distance. To this house he im-
mediately went, and related all that he had seen
to the landlord, who immediately called up a re-
cruiting party that was quartered upon him, the
sergeant of which accompanied the grazier in
search of the house in the wood. The services
and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more
than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running
before his company, and his singular behaviour, he
led them to the desired spot.

On entering the house, not a living creature
was to be seen—all had deserted; they therefore
began to explore all the apartments, and found
in the very closet, the appearance of which had
led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murder-
ed remains of a traveller, who was afterwards ad-
vertised throughout the country. On coming into
the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth
near the fire place with his feet, in such a manner
as to raise the curiosity of all present; the sergeant
ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door
was discovered, which on being opened, was found
to contain the mangled bodies of many that had
been murdered, with the landlord himself, who
was not quite dead, though he had been shot
through the neck by the grazier. The wretches
in their quick retreat had thrown him in among
the dead bodies, supposing him past recovery; he
was however cured of his wound, brought to jus-
tice, found guilty and executed.

From the Biographical account of Public Characters

of all nations.

MRS. FRY.

The following memoir of a lady who may with
propriety be called the female Howard, is given
by Madame Adele du Thou, in her History of the
Quakers; and it does such justice to the benevo-
lent subject of it, that it is inserted without a
bridgement.

"Elizabeth Gurney, (now Mrs. Fry,) the third
daughter of Mr. John Gurney, of Earham Hall,
in the county of Norfolk, was born in 1759, she
had the misfortune to lose her mother when very
young, and was thus at an early age, in some
measure, abandoned to her own guidance. Her fa-
ther, though a member of the Society of Friends,
was by no means strict and suffered his children
to enjoy greater freedom than is usually permitted
among individuals of that society. Elizabeth Gur-
ney was accustomed to mix much with society, and
she enjoyed all the advantages of birth, fortune
and education; she was about seventeen years of
age when she first visited London; was anxious
to see every thing, and having participated for a
period in all the gay amusements of the capital,
she returned to Norfolk. A short time after her
return, some members of the society, (as is cus-
tary among the Friends) came to Earham to
make a family visit. This suddenly wrought a
transformation in the habits of the whole family;
all became more serious, and seemed to feel the
influence of the holy visit: Elizabeth, in particular,
was deeply penetrated by the evangelical lectures
which she heard.

In a mind like hers, a religious impression was
not likely to be transitory; too pious and too well
informed, to confine herself to useless forms of de-
votion, she proved her faith by her labours, and
soon prevailed on her father to convert one of the
apartments of Earham Hall into a school room.
Here she daily received four and twenty poor chil-
dren, to whom she read and explained the bible.
She assumed the simple garb of the Quakers, and
renounced all kinds of amusements. In 1800 she
married Mr. Fry, whose generous and amiable
character fully justified her choice. Far from op-
posing her benevolent labours, he facilitated them,
and afforded her ample means of relieving the un-
fortunate by annually placing at her disposal a
considerable sum which she applies entirely to the
benefit of the poor. Mrs. Fry's life is devoted to
acts of virtue, and her time is almost wholly oc-
cupied in charitable missions. She makes no dis-
tinction; the unfortunate are brothers, whatever
be their country or religion; sorrow is every where
the same, and benevolence should be universal.
Mrs. Fry is at once a physician to the body and
the soul; she comforts and feeds the poor, and
supplies them with clothes and with bibles, and
thus she explains and teaches the gospel. She
even administers succour to criminals; she regards
sickness merely as a disease, and never withholds as-
sistance from the sick.

Mrs. Fry, on being informed of the deplorable
state of the female prisoners in Newgate, resolved
to relieve them. She applied to the governor for
leave of admittance; he replied, that she would in-
cur the greatest risk in visiting that abode of in-
iquity and disorder, which he himself scarcely
dared to enter; he observed, that the language
she must hear, would inevitably disgust her, and
made use of every argument to prevail on her to
relinquish her intention. Mrs. Fry said she was
fully aware of the danger to which she exposed
herself, and repeated her solicitations for permis-
sion to enter the prison. The governor advised
her not to carry in by either her purse, or
her watch, and Mrs. Fry replied—"I thank thee,
I am not afraid, I don't think I shall lose any thing."

